The Third Party Official Chaperone

wipe for a three-cylinder farce, 1910 and out of France by England, Jockey risal Take one of those dismal old ands who have such dismal old homes that have to indulge in dismal old with dismal young isdice—and get out of it. That is the business of the properties of the control of the contr with dismal young ladles—and get out of it. That is the business of From the premise of infidelity of as lilogically as possible to a minial conclusion to meet the ap-al of Mrs. Grundy. Cms of the favor-shouls is to introduce the dismal aid and at lunch with the dismal young confront them with his wife, and the young lady as the spouse of tend who happens to be hanging riend who happens to be hanging To provide plenty of amusement so more acts, transplant to a spot ed by the friend's betrothed. Then everybody off. The result is never

i the authors of "The Third Party"-Englishmen and an American and actors—weren't satisfied with this. ently, the farce at the Adelphi very close to being really amusing

A little Shaw a la Americalne: seever you women have anything cularly rotten to do, you call it

ha. A militant suffragist as a foil to roung lady who is trying to win a symment post for her flance by hold-tands across the luncheon table with dismal old husband. Care must be edsed with this; Votes for Women vs.

these days. and these days.

Isse, the real item. That institution of imare restaurants, the Official Chapeses. Signor Gazzaza. Unable to speak eard of English, he is no trouble in least. If any difficulty arises he induces perfectly as the lady's husband, is only trouble is keeping a supply on any frouble is keeping a supply on the four dinners, three lunches and suppers a day undermines the conductor frightfully. Of course, there has be one other complication to make a are and that is when this Third Party and that is when this Third Party and the to be a young gentleman on a lift, who forces himself and "wife" on a dismal husband's home and enjoys inself hugely till his flunce appears. The opportunities for fun in all this are statt enough. The producer of "The him Party" thought well to add to them a supply of regulation comic effects. the real item. That institution of what chough. The producer of The bird Party' thought well to add to them is supply of regulation comic effects. the set stepped on, and collars torm, implants aquirt about. The principles have flowers and bread in the air. They

haw flawers and bread in the air. They sash and stutter. One of them performs are marvelous symnastics in the way of hints and attempts to escape.

The really novel feature of "The Third the sand attempts to the sent leman of the ree really however, is the gentleman of the parastics, Mr. Paylor Holmes. Walter cas is futny in his way, the rest of the sakeep a stiff pace; but Mr. Holmes is as to lift it all into fields of giddy, grotesquery. There is very little in the state of humorous exaggeration that doesn't accomplish with face or feet, a makes his amorous tendencies the legious exuberances of youth. He gets Ediculous exuberances of youth. He gets
is you with even the dullest of his lines by
sing so genuinely amused over them that
he can have the heart to disillusion
him. He makes the two last acts one
long explanation that is only equaled by
he consummate stuttering feat in "The
Millon." If Mr. Holmes ever learns to
displice his effulgent talents, he will go
he had maybe he will anyway.

Philadelphia's "Critic" in New York The Little Theatre's production of "The as first presentation in New York. The ewer of the Times seems the only a set inclined to unreserved praise:

ar. And maybe he will anyway.

swa Rehan Wallack and all the fa-ms players who have appeared in msidan's little masterpiece, speaks very



LAURA HOPE CREWS At the Broad in "The Phantom Rival."

too well known to describe, but Mr. Payne's curefully crude production de-serves a special word. It was carried off with such a nicety that its very earnestness and sincerity saved it from the usual biatant burlesquing that mars so many performances. Mr. Payne had the chief role, that of Mr. Puff, the original press agent and author of the tragedy. His performance was thoroughly enjoy-

Other Ventures Along Broadway Broadway productions of the last four

days have varied all the way from a mammoth indoor circus at the Hippodrome to a French drama for Miss Barwhich was described in this place from its first performance in Atlantic City. received almost unstinted praise. The Times calls it a "fine play," and Miss Barrymore's a "superb performance." The Tribine says: "Considered as a vehicle for Miss Barrymore, it is undoubtedly the best sho has had. It gives her scope for a display of talent as an emotional actress that none would be-lieve she possensed, even those of as who saw her playing in 'Mid-Chainel.' Her performance was truly remarkable. So remarkable, in fact, that it gives the play an interest far beyond its deserts as a plece of dramatic art."

Guy Bolton turned up in New York

this week with two first productions to his credit. One was the "book" of the musical comedy, "Ninety in the Shade," which created much the impression of which created much the impression of amusing entertainment which the reviews in Detroit, reprinted in the Evening Ledier last week, led one to expect. His other plece, a full-fledged drama, "The Fallen idel," did not get off without some harsh criticism. It seems little improved in plausibility or power since it was first presented, semi-privately, in New York more than a year ago under the name of "Suttee." As the older title suggests, the play concerns a woman who immodates herself on the alter of wifely devotion after the fame has been long extinguished. The cast, Mr. Payne himself gives a good per-hemance in the role of Mr. Puff, the incertisibly complacent author of "The spaniah Armada." He very amusingly buyests Puff's cheery resiliency. Will-ian Mgulton, Lawrence Grant and Whit-ian Kane do nicely in minor roles, but Mr. Anderson fails of a neat performance flance.

In the Vaudeville Theatres

The war play-and usually the antiwar play-is finding a ready welcome in trily of the work of the company. The Pribuna catches just the note in the Philadelphia company seeks along production so badly acted by the Stellent cast of players Mr. Payne as assembled. The play, of course, is in "Thou Shalt Not Kill." Soon we may mate" have driven into variety a num-ber of dramatic stars who have supplied the best of acting for these war pieces. This week Philadelphia sees Henrietta

the pleasure of witnessing Alla mova's performance of War s," a tense little play which is ed in the current issue of the Cen-

printed in the current issue of the Century Magazine.

The Globe this week is exhibiting one of the most novel animal acts in vaude-ville. Marsella's birds have played close to the top of the bill in the best of variety houses, partly perhaps because singing and talking parrots are always a drawing eard for children, but largely because the lady's paroquettes perform some symnastics which are quite as brilliant as any vocalizings of their half-brothers. Those apparently clumsy white birds turning backward somersaults along a narrow board make as saults along a narrow board make as rare and impossible a sight as vaude-ville helds today.

The Higher Criticism "My aunt wants to hear the "Goetter-

daemmerung' again." "Has she heard it once already?"

"And she wants to hear it again?"
"Un-huh."
"Is she hard of hearing?" From "The Third Party."



splendid talents of the Metropolitan Opera company were wasted upon Philadelphia. The opera was Boris Godunoff" and to sit through it. In the midst of last night's audience, was an exquisite torture. The opera was glorious; the audience was either stupid or offensive.

There were, of course, those present who appreciated the opera and those who kept silent that others might hear. But the audience as a whole sat through the splendid spectacle without a murmur; the great choruses won not a hand of applause. And there were so shamefully many boxes in which the auditors chattered through the performance, effectually spoiling it for all within earshot, that one wondered why, if they wanted to talk, the good people did not stay at home. Upon the disasters of this night comes the announcement that unless the subscription for the three sup-plementary operas does not go up tre-mendously within the next ten days the opera of February 9 will be the last of the season.

How good and great "Boris" was last

night is almost beyond the power of words to tell. The drama of it is almost all invisible, as most great dramas are. The murder from which the action The murder from which the action springs is done years before the play begins. Scene after scene appears to have no connection with the plot, yet the cumulative terror and grandeur of the whole cannot be mistaken. The tragic galety and the tragic agony of the Cray works in atom by aron until the Czar works in atom by atom, until the dire and awful end. Beside it, run-ning with it at times, standing apart and accentuating its high lights, is the music, which, for orchestra, singers and chorus seems always to be breathed and created each separate moment to com-plement and fulfil the piece. Set in the mignificent splender of ancient Moscow, its barbaric color and its appalling level reaches of white, in the snow-covered forest, the opera was the most grand, the most impressive, the most evocative work seen here this year. Each detail was just; each singer had

made his part, giving it character and distinction, so that we had no and appet-tacle of Boyard and peasant talking the same language. (How wonderful the musical characterization, too, which uses no tags, yet distinguishes each character by accent and idlom?) And above them, of necessity, was the chorus to which the management justly accorded the first encore. It is the same chorus which has been heard here before, of which the work has been consistently accorded. work has been consistently praiseworthy, yet last night it was lifted by the great-ness of the work in which it is the pro-tagonist to a higher and nobier plain.

When the people speaks, but one other roice can be heard. That is the voice of the King. So in this case the work of Adamo Didur, who sang Boris, alone must be mentioned. It is not fair to judge his voice by ordinary operatic standards, because he willingly foreswore its triumphs to keep within the limitations of the music. Dramatically his Boris was more terrible than any representation I can recall, except the Oswald of Paul Orieneff. Exalted and terrifying in its strength more exalted. in fact, and more terrifying, than the figure of the folk, his representation made one wonder whether it is not Boris, after all, who is the hero of this opera.

But one knows who the villain was. He, collectively, made Mr. Polacco rap twice for silence, at the beginning of each separate scene.

Today's Music

The busiest single day of the musical season has five separate concerts sched-uled. In the afternoon the series of con-certs for young people will be continued at the Little Theatre with an exposition of the uses of orchestral instruments as they were developed by certain comthey were developed by certain com-posers. In the evening the Behrens Opera Club will produce "The Magic Flute" and the ballet recently done here by Anna Pavlowa and her company, "Die Puppenfee." This will fill the Academy. At the same time the Treble Clef, with Elsa Lyon Cook and Frank Gittleson as soloisis, will give its con-cert at Horticultural Hall. For the bene-fit of the Settlement Musical School, an organ recital will be given by Mr. Will organ recital will be given by Mr. Will C. Macfarlane, at "Lyndon," the home of Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, at Wyncote, Pa. Finally, Miss Florence Peremoinick, the violinist who played recently before the Russian Ambassador at the Bolle-view-Stratford, will give a recital at Witherspoon Hall.



Now that they have illined "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," we can expect a photopiny version of "Feepina Through the Knothele in Father's Wooden Leg," "Hurry! Get a Hammer; There's a Fly on Baby's Head," and

other popular songs.
But that is not all. Gaby Desiys has been filmed in four parts—that is, the film is quartered, not Miss Gaby. And then, too, for light amusement, a film producer announces releases of light' (no relation to the sleep of that name), "Daylight," "Firelight," "Moon-light' and "Candlelight." He might have included "Gas Hill" in the program, and everybody would have gone home un-

happy,
As a matter of cold fact, the market As a matter of one fact, the market is ghitted with too many cheap, martistle, hurriedly prepared films. Sobjects are getting scarcer, and, as predicted several times in this column, the producers are killing the golden-egged goose. There are too many producers for the diminishing number of photoplay houses. This is not pessimism—it is a bare recital of actual conditions. The first fever heat of the movie crize has abated so far as the public is concerned, and movie producers have not yet awakened to the

The public wants the best in films, as it wants the best on the speaking stage. The photoplay fans have strived at years of discretion. They know what is good



MARC MacDERMOTT One of the Edison film stars.

and what is not. They have been spoiled costlier films. The photoplay world needs theatres like the Chestnut Street Opera House, the Starley, Regent, Locust, Globe, Belment and others which put on only the very best in films. And the public is willing to pay for first-grade These houses prove it by their

Spoiled a Good Scene

John Ince, of the Lubin Company, almost got a double-jointed climax in big scene for "The Attorney for big scene for "The Attorney for the Levines. The play is a drama filled with thritis and in the climax a touring car, containing Ethel Clayton and a chauffeur, dashes half-way across a bridge, amashes through the guard fence and plunges into a creek some 40 feet below. Miss Clayton's understudy, a good-looking, well-dressed dummy, enacted the final plunge.

To get the right light effect Ince took his company to the bridge early in the morning. The car was stationed on the side of a hill a short distance from the bridge, ready for the sensational plunge. Ince and his three camera men were at the far side of the bridge, hunting a good leastion for the sensational plunge. Since and his three camera men were at the far side of the bridge, hunting a good leastion for the sensational plunge. Since show the side of the bridge, hunting a good leastion for the sensational plunge. Since the sensation se

good location for the cameras. Suddenly some one shouted "Look out!" From the opposite direction and traveling at a joy-riding rate of speed came a touring carcontaining two men and two women. The Labinites hustled out of the way. The car shot onto the bridge, skidded, ripped through the guard fence and dropped into the creek.

the creek.

Ince and his players hurried to the scene and greatly to their astonishment found the four people alive. They were badly bruised and shaken up and one man had a fractured wrist. Inco's car

badly brulesed and shaken up and one man had a fractured wrist. Ince's car took them to a nearby hospital. The to-hie assistant, as the injured quartet was driven away, "that was exactly what I wanted for my scene and they came along five minutes too soon."

Fifteen minutes later the Lubin car was sent through the bridge and wreeked was sent through the bridge and wrecked

in the creek.

TODAY'S PHOTOPLAY CALENDAR

Who Wants a Wife Eleanor Woodruff, who has just joined Eleanor Woodruff, who has just joined the Vitagraph stock company to play leads, has a chance for some moving picture actor or sturdy Texan cowboy to become a kind and loving husband. Just before leaving for Texas with the Vitagraph Company, who will produce several pictures with scenes laid around Fort Clark, she reselved a latter from a lady in Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, asking if she could recommend some unmarried "movie" actor who was resucctable, hon-'movie" actor who was respectable, hon-

est and kind as a husband.
"I am lonesome," continues the letter.
"and want a partner. I am a respectable

lady and hard working girl. I am El years old, have reddish-brown hair, gray-blue eyes and weigh 140 pounds. I will be so thankful to you if you can find one for me. I am writing you because I saw you in a picture last night and you looked so kind I thought you might help me.

me. "P. S.-I just read in the Halifax paper you are going to Texas. If you can't get me a moving picture actor, a Texas cow-loy will do, as I dearly love to ride the broad plains."

Miss Woodruff has posted the letter on

the bulletin board at the Vitagraph stu-"The Lady of the Snows"

Essanay is making elaborate preparations for the production of one of the most beautiful multiple reel photoplays over produced, "The Lady of the Snows." dramatized from the novel of Edith Ogden Harrison, wife of Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago. This is the first of Mrs. Harrison's novels to be dramatized

for a photoplay, but others will be put into film form later. "The Lady of the Snows" is a picturesque story of life in the Canadian woods. esque story of life in the Canadian woods. With its many dramatic settings it is wonderfully well adapted to photoplay art. The plot evolves about the search in the Northern woods for a missing heirers. The girl is betrothed to an Englishman she has never seen, according to the wish of their families. He hunts for her in vain, finally joins the mounted police force of Canada and falls in leve with and weds a girl he meets. Then it is found that she is the missing heiroms.



ALELPHI—"The Third Party." with Taylor Holmes and Valter Jones. A holstrous farce of the familiar triangular variety. See eviles.

HROAD — "The Phantam Rivat," with Leo Directate and Laura Hope Chywes. Lavid Helanco's production of Ferric Monars comedy of the wife who dreams of the return of a former lover as a steat variety of interesting men, and thou finds the really pressic. Thoroughly entertaining. Sith FORKEST — "The filet From Utah," with Julia Sanderson, Donold Brian and Juseph Cawthern. Paul Rubens, English musical comedy of Mormona, old and young in London, thousand music of universe value, sometimes very good, Indoed. Performance excellent. CARRICK - The High Cost of Loving, with Lew Fields, the German comedian, in a sulight farce, which deals with sulary middle aged gorithmen who find themselves all postup blackmall to the same woman for a past which never existed. Review Thurs-day day

Kerry S. Jerricita Crosman in Then Shall
Kerry S. Jerricita Crosman in Then Shall
Eddig Leonard and Make Itiasell and La Milo. A bill of the usual
Lating Grunny, with Cyri Munde 11
LyriiC—"Grunny," with Cyri Munde 11
LyriiC—"Grunny, "With Cyri Munde 11
LyriiC—"Grunny, "With Cyri Munde 11
Lyriic Munde 11
Ly naver. An amusing and engrossing pl vitalized by a singularly salitur piece impersonation.

WALNUT — September Morn. A must comesty of Chicago origin, with a fam model posing as the original of the notori

WHAT'S DOING TONIGHT

im-Tuppant Society, 2211 Walnut street,

A GREAT MYSTIC STORY BY HAROLD MACGRATH

SYNOPSIS.

Sudora is left an explain at an early pe. Her father is killed in a gold mind r has discovered. Helf an heir offer arning of the death of her husband. So-was mobber, a light rope welker with a reas, is selved with vertipo, fails, and is left.

don's mother, a light rope weller with a circus, is seized with vertipo, falls, and is killed.

Eudora and the fortune from the mine, which later grows to be worth \$20,020,020, ore left to the guardinship of Prank Reene, a circus man and the brother of Sudurals mather. Zudora, giving promise of great beauty, routher that you of the The male, who has set himself up as a litudu mystic, and is known as Hassam Al, decides in his great that Eudora must die before she comes into nossession of her great fortune, so that if may be left to him, the next of kin, and he grows the health of the great for leave her movey in his honds three years longer and to say nuthing to any one obost the fations. Hassam Alfield of the him of the fations. Hassam Alfield of the proposed of the second part of the proposed of the second part of the proposed of the second part of the proposed of

EPISODE IX. THE MISSING HEIR.

BAIRD felt himself pulled in two ways. To even hint to this woman that he desired to shield Zudora for purposes of his own would be the signing of Zudora's death warrant. And yet he needed Mme. Du Val, for she had control of an organization whose ramifications reached across the Continent. He wanted John Storm

one ultimately to accomplish this. "Well, what is your plan in regard to Zudora?" he asked curtousty.

"I could very easily send Zudora off on the same train with the Van Wick child."

the same train with the Van Wick child."

"Ah, yes; that is easy enough to say, But how to get her to the train?"

"She does not know me; at least, I don't think she saw me at Chicago. I will give a ball. Oh, you need not smile. I live two lives, if you will. In my own home I am a woman of comfortable income, who indulaces in mystics as a pastime. Many noted people come to my house. And I've an idea of one way of bringing Zudora. I will send her an invitation. You will urge her to come, but not insistently. She will then receive an anonymous note saying that if she wishes to know what has become of the Van Wickboy she will find the information at my house. Oh, nothing will point to me. I know my business."

"I'll have to admit that," said Baird, listening. When he had these chats with

listening. When he had these chats with Aime. Du Val he was not always sure that there was not a third person somewhere near. But he never committed himself, never confessed that he was not Hassam All. In certain degrees he ad-mired this handsome woman, but there was always a bit of fear of her. "Your idea isn't a bad one."
"I'll give the ball on a chance, anyhow.

It is up to you, Jim, if you wish to make use of the idea."

Alone, the woman smiled. It was not a pleasant smile. There was no man in the world who could feel her. Baird was faltng in love with Zudora; and woe to the ing in love with Zudora; and wose to the little fool for crossing her path, even if unconsciously. She wanted Jim Baird for her own, and she was determined to clear the path of all obstacles in his direction.

the path of all obstacles in his direction. Zudora off the scene, she was quite confident that her own powers of attraction would not fall upon barren ground.

The Van Wick family was distracted. Despite precautions that had cost thousands, the boy had been stolen. The father knew that to recover the boy he would have to dig deep into his purse. That he was willing enough to do, but what he wanted to be sure of was that the payment should be final. He did not wish to be hounded and pursued by that terror of uncertainty, of suspense. He was willing to pay in pride and maney, but he wanted security and peace in return. That he was willing enough to do, but what he wanted to be sure of was that the payment should be final. He did not wish to be hounded and pursued by that terror of uncertainty, of suspense. He was willing to pay in pride and money, but he wanted security and peace in return.

The police were scouring fae city, but they found not the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the boy or of the character of the abductors. After a week of misery, some friend suggested that the

services of one Hassam All, the mystic detective, or the services of his sleep, should be secured. The father was rejuctant, for he held all these mystics as contemptible mountebanks who thrived upon the credibility of foots. But the metropolitan police had falled, and he was not a man to leave any stone un-turned to recover his boy, the apple of his ere.

his eye.

He he and Mrs. Van Wick decided to pay Hassam Ali a visit. They summoned the car and started out for Hassam Ali's house. Zudora impressed them both far more than the mystic himself.

"Do you think you can nelp us?"

"My niece will see what she can do," said Hassam Ali, or rather Hassam Ali's double.

"But a young woman!" said Van Wick

doubtfully. Hassam All laughed. "She may look fragile, but wire looks fragile." "But these men are desperate charac-

ters."

"And will be the last people in the world to suspect a fragile young woman being on their trail."

"Don't worry over the fact that I am a woman," said Zudora, smiling. "I can take care of mysaif. I have been able to do so thus far. If it is possible to find the boy I'll do it."

"And remember," said the father, "there is no depth to my pocketbook as far as that boy is concerned. But God help those dastards if they are crue! to him! Well, we'll trust the case to you. Miso-Miso-"

Miss-Miss-S'
"Keene," said Zudora. "Zudora Keene."
"Good luck, and God bless you. Zudora
Keene," said the mother.
"Poor thing!" said Zudora, when the
parents had gone. "The most despicable
being in the world is a kidnaper. It is parents had gone. "The most despicable being in the world is a kidnaper. It is a vile game; and those men should suffer the exact fate of murderers. Think of the little boy, suddenly bereft of mother love, surrounded by strange, mencing faces! It is horrible!"

The pseudo uncle looked at her with strange fires in his eyes. He admitted that kidnaping was a low crime so far as taking children away from their parents and holding them for ransom, with threats out of the way, and Mme. du Val was the

ing children away from their parents and holding them for ransom, with threats of mutilation or death. He did not add, however, that between kidnappins and abduction there was a wide difference in significance. The truth is, Haird was wearying of this game he was playing. He wanted to be himself, to play a game of his own; he was young, and he wanted the liberty that went with youth. There was you of this mind that wanted the liberty that went with youth. There was no doubt in his mind that Keene, the real Hassam All, was dying. He might live for several months, but novertheless he had his ticket for the long journey. Baird determined to play the game out to the end; for Hassam All had promised him a handsome bit of money for his loyalty. He had seen the will, but not without a certain doubt. Wills could be destroyed quite as easily as they could be made.

When Zudora received the invitation to Mme. Du Val's ball she was puzzled. She had among her acquaintance no

She had among her acquaintance no woman of that name. But she found her name in the blue book and decided to attend out of more curlosity. She called up Storm and asked his advice and was surprised to learn that he had been in-

"I think we'd better ignore it," he ad-But I have so little amusement!" she "And it will be a lark for both

of us."
"All right, sweetheart; we'll go.

deed, I'd like to find out why we both were invited." Zudora went about the house next day humming. So long as John was going she was bound to have a good time at the Du Val ball. It would be as she had said, a lark. Then came the mysterious note, warning her to keep away from the Du Val house; and this note was signed— "From one who knows where the Wick boy is." Nothing, Zudora termined, could keep her away now.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The End of the Fog

i feel!" sang a tiny voice. "And I am lasy, very lazy," hummed

little voice, "and I want to take the right away." "and I am tired, very tired," whispered tisther voice, "and I want to stop and

am sleepy, very sleepy," another bles murmured, 'and I don't want to say farther." The never could guess who was talking, and you? No? Of course not! For you would never guess that raindrops would

all that way! But they did. Listen and ur what else they said. wonder what in the world is the His with us?" asked one sleepy drop. the sky, I feel so gay and frisky.

I belay I can hardly make myself

What can be the matter?"

The sure I don't know," replied the

reladrop, "I only know I feel very

Look! We're almost down to that a said the first drop, "when we get is is's stop and age the tree about haybe she knows what has happened

raindrops drivated slowly down-Down nearer the tree, a little and then they rested an the top-

twig.

37! but that feels good to stop!" said
"I thought I never would get down
that sky."

I didn't esem so long the last time.",
it is sther drop harly, "but new
we are finally sers, let's ask the tree
which is the matter with us!"
hey neatled up close to the tree and
treed softly. "Please, dear friend
tall us why we are so lazy. Why
with seemed to be such a long way
in he sky today and why we are so

kind old tree laughed comfortably. son't want to know mush, do you?" bled, "but maybe I can make you land. Listen! The last time belie that you came to earth, who see with you?" raindrops looked at cach other to last fashion.

ied fashion.

Smit think so hard!" laughed the

Smit think so hard!" laughed the

It's no riddle! Who did you play

Who danced and frolicked all the

day! Who tossed you from three

! Who dashed you to the ground

at you into the sarth? Who

"Tou don't need to tell us any

asterrupted the raindrops all to-

Treel, lazy! Lazy! Lazy! That's how gether, "we know now who you mean-"To be sure I do!" replied the tree,
"and where is he today?"
The raindrop looked around. Nowhere
was a breath of air stirring. Nowhere
was a trace of old Mr. Wind!
"I guess he isn't here today," said one



Raindrops can't enjoy a rain without wind to tosa them about. raindrop, "is that what's the matter with

The old tree laughed. "Well, I should say it was!" she exclaimed, "and matter enough that is, too! Raindrops can't enjoy a rain without a wind to toss them about—just remember that! This is noth-

ing but a fog!"

The raindrops looked around and sure enough! to every tree was clinging a thousand lesy raindrops. But just then, and Mr. Wind arrived and the raindrops dried up and blew away! Copyright, 1915, Clara Ingram Judson.

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